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# Almanian.

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## IN MEMORIAM.

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In the height of the most successful year of the College's existence the death of Miss Grace Johnson has brought to us a profound and lasting sorrow. During her two years in Alma she had become a unanimous favorite with those who knew her. Active in athletics, excelling in class work, dominated in character by the highest principals, manifesting a gracious disposition on all occasions, it is small wonder that she was a leader in college; and it is with a sense of bewilderment that we force ourselves to think of her as one departed. Even at this date it is almost impossible for her friends to believe that a life so beautiful and active is ended. Death, always tragic, seemed in this instance infinitely so. With life opening before her full of promise, a life bound to be of much worth to the world, we fail to understand why she should have been taken away. Such characters are too rare to be spared. We only know that the Eternal Providence is mysterious, that it is His will, His way; and we strive to school ourselves into obedience to Him.

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# ALMANIAN

JUNE ISSUE, 1907.

## LOVE LAUGHS.

I awoke that June morning in a serious frame of mind. I remained in it after breakfast when I went down to the barn and ran out the big White steamer, which had been oiled, cleaned and made ready for a trip the evening before. I was still immersed in gravity as I drove slowly in the morning sunlight over to Dicky Halstead's and waited in the driveway after giving two warning honks. Dickey came down the front steps with a suit-case in one hand and a fishing rod in the other. "Wait!" he said, stowing these useful articles in the boot, "while I go back in again." "Again?" I gloomed, "Well, fly." Dickey flew and returned with a mandolin. "Oh Dicky, how can you?" But it seemed he could and with no more words he climbed in. I backed the bubbler carefully into the road, set her three speeds ahead, and we tore away.

The day was gorgeous, the empyrean was blue and lofty as a June sky should be, not dazzling but soft, and away west some few aspiring

clouds towered up in the breeze, beckoning us on and on. The air was shot through with the odor of the fresh earth, the woods, peach blossoms, and vibrating with bird songs. Still, I was moody. I had a deep laid plan. I was going to carry it out. "Dicky," I murmured thoughtfully, "who do you think you'll meet at Hillcrest?" "'D know." "It's a girl, Dicky." "What kind?" "Beautiful, dear." "No?" and Dickey assumed an interested eye and ear. "Yes, very much that kind; and Dick, there's more, too.. I'm taking you there to fall in love. You must do it. I depend on you. And, anyhow, it's time you settled down and got serious, see!" "Oh, I fade! me love? Say, I'll do it though, just to help out your reputation as a matchmaker. Who is she? Is she agreeable?" "Wait for that and trust me," I satisfied him with and we lapsed into an hour long silence.

I had planned ever so long to have Dicky Halstead and Egeria Waring meet. She was at Hillcrest now,



the pleasant country home of the Barrets, our mutual friends, about forty miles from the city. Dick, a willing but unsuspecting victim, was by my side on his way to meet the unknown fair. He always fell in with my plans and to have him meet and win Egeria was the height of my ambition. It would be the making of the happy, poetic, musical fellow who was wealthy and cared for naught but day dreaming, allowing his friends to do his thinking. His eyes, now, were away on the far horizon; the fine morning had thrown him into a dream in which the beautiful fields, past which the level road led us, were unseen. The purr of the swift wheels, the steady chug-chug of the exhaust, the thrill of the interlocking gears, filled me with an automobilistic frenzy as we sped forward, now over a hill, now along a level stretch, stared at by wide eyed farm children. About noon we sighted Hillcrest, a fine white old place, broad verandahed without and roomy within, perched on a green hill back from the road and set about with trees.

We turned up the long shaded drive and came to a stop before the house. A joyous yelp sounded around the corner, and Bediah, the big bulldog, dragging a chain as if escaped from his kennel, bounded up. He greeted me with joy but bristled at Dick, evidently marking him down as a snob. Dicky, on the other side the car, was busy pulling

his luggage out of the boot, when a pretty girl, both hands held out in greeting to me, ran across the lawn. It was Egeria. She likes me and we are great friends, but here I was planning to have her fall in love with Dick. She is medium height, brighteyed, and that day she wore a light blue dress and in her hair a rose picked from the bush that clambered up the front of the house and starred it over with pink beauties.

"Egeria, how glad I am to see you. This is Mr. Halstead, Miss Warring, whom I want you to know and like very much," I began with the most inane confidence, when Dicky came around to our side the car. Great Hat! Miss Egeria dropped her hands with a frigid gesture, looked straight ahead, and remarked in a level tone, "I know Mr. Halstead very well." Dick raised his cap, looking away toward the distant woods with a studiously polite but careworn expression on his flaming countenance, while I jabbered on, too thunderstruck to shut up. Egeria, icily conventional turned toward the house, informing me that she would apprise Mrs. Barrett of our unexpected arrival. "What in," I stammered. "Oh, nothing," sneered Dick, beginning to whistle Arrah Wanna, "only some more of your darn fool foolishness."

Just then Mrs. Barrett stepped out on the piazza. "Hello! Joey," she called to me, "real glad to see you. Who'd you bring? Why, Mr. Hal-

stead. How are you, Mr. Halstead, come right in while Joey puts the car in the barn." I drove sadly down to the big farm buildings and found Mr. Barrett superintending some work. "Anyone with you?" he asked. "Yes, Halstead. Know him, don't you?" "I do, but I can't say I dote on him to any marked degree. Nothing much more'n a musician, is he?" (Bobby and I never try to hide our real feelings from one another.) "Well, anyhow, he's welcome s'long's he's with you. We'll go to the house."

When we went in Mrs. Barrett took me by the coat lapels with a little shake and a lecturing look in her eye. "Where's Dick," I queried, getting the start. "He's in his room. Oh, Joe! why did you bring him here? Didn't you know he and Egeria quarreled three years ago this summer? Oh, you awful marplot how I'd like to box your ears. (Both the Barretts are frank with me.) "Dum," I answered, "didn't know they'd ever met." "Well, I'll tell you in a few words for he'll be down in a minute. It seems that they were both at a party in Detroit one night, there were amateur theatricals, and a necklace of Egeria's was lost. Circumstances pointed to Dick. Its absurd, of course, for he's rich but she was rash enough to accuse him and he lost his temper in denying it. Egeria, flew angry at his stubbornness and, when a little time after it developed that he had been shielding some one, it angered

her doubly that he hadn't had the sense to have told her. They haven't spoken since." "But were they in love?" I gasped. "Oh, mercy no They might have made up if th had been. Maybe Dick would have loved her but for the quarrel, because she is a terribly attractive girl; though he is too mulish to give up anything. But Egeria, I don't believe she cared for him. She never spoke about it to me at any rate. Still why should she expect him to confide in her unless they were more than friends. But I don't know. I reckon if they had been in love they would have some use for each other now, and they haven't, not a bit!" "Evidently not," I sighed.

Lunch was rather a silent meal. I did most of the talking. Bobby was polite to Dick, and Mrs. Bob and Egeria exchanged a few words at intervals. I was glad when we left the table. I showed Dick around the farm that afternoon and discoursed on stock, crops, soil, timber, etc., carefully avoiding the subject of Egeria.

A thaw set in at dinner. The belligerents had tautly agreed to cease hostilities and were frigidly polite, while they vied in passing the sugar to each other. The table, itself, promoted goodfellowship with its setting of pretty china, glass, and fresh roses. The great floral centerpiece bespoke peaceful and contented spirits. My conscience quit pricking and I ate



prodigiously. After dinner we talked and sang in the living room. Bob was bound that Dick should sing "Poor John," "I want an Orphan," and other popular hits to Egeria's accompaniment. It nettled him when Dick loftily professed inability. "But," offered Dick, "I'll sing "Oh, for a Day of June." Miss Waring was unable to play that, so Dick accompanied himself and sang wretchedly. Bob and I sat in a window seat. Whispered he to me: "Ain't he conceited. Egeria is worth two of him. She don't know all this durned classical stuff but she can play tennis with any of 'em. And she's just plain every day, no dreaming, and beats 'em all for looks." True, Egeria was a commonsense girl, endowed with health and good nature. When in college she had held the class championship for golf and tennis and was captain of the basket ball team. All that I had against her was her foolish misunderstanding with Dick and they were both too stubborn to own up that they had been childish about it. I looked at her where she sat by herself in the corner. She was listening attentively to the song. Her eyes filled with a soft light. Like a flash the thought came to me that, unknown to herself, she cared for Dick; that she had pierced his outer crust of indifference and glimpsed the man beneath, for Dick was a man if you knew him well. Would my plan mature after all?

That night in his room Dick told

it all to me. "Did you love her, old boy?" I asked. "Joe, I love her yet with all my heart. And say do you know, I believe she cared a little. She listened when I sang tonight. Look out the window Joe. What a night, what a beautiful night! Its driving me mad. See how bright a moon, look at the tree shadows, aren't they deep, aren't they wonderful? And the breath of the roses. Why, such weather would soften the heart of any girl. Joe, I'm going to sing to her." "But," I temporized, "did she care for you, Dick?" He looked at me, his face very haggard in the light. "Care, care for me? I think so,—I never asked. My mandolin, where is it? Give it here. I'm going to sing to her,—under her window. Oh, I'm crazy, I ought not to have come with you, its brought the old pain back. I won't sing loud, but I'll sing my best. Don't stop me; I'm going."

Five minutes afterward tiptoeing through the dining room I collided with Bob. "Look out doors," he snickered. "See the young idiot. I'll fix him. Just you slip around the house and get by Bediah's kennel and keep him from barking. In the meantime—" But in the meantime I was gone, with just the glimmering of an idea that I could "fix" Bobby and add to the fun. Bediah's kennel sat in the shade of a great maple. From where I sat I could barely see the front of the house, as I patted Bediah's suspicious

corpus. Thrown into deep shadows by an angle of the building was a window that gave onto the lawn, just above the great climbing rose bush that was filling the air with sweetness. A full moon hung half way up the cloudless sky. Before the window, silver moonrays, playing around him, stood Dick picking at his mandolin, head thrown back, eyes shut. The mellow notes of a prelude floated through the air. I thought, "Mad, quite mad. Moon-struck, poor kid. I've overdone it, this time." Then the window softly slid up but Halstead neither saw nor heard. Bediah tugged at his chain. Dick's pure tenor, gentle like an angel's voice, pathetic, appealing, took up the first words of the song. It was Shelley's serenade, of all things!

"I arise from dreams of thee  
In the first sweet sleep of night  
When the winds are breathing low,  
And the stars—"

Startingly sudden, without sound of warning, a glistening jet of water out of the nozzle of the windmill hose from the other side of the house whizzed through the moonlight, struck on the singer's closed eyes, played an instant on his head, then drenched him from head to foot. From nerveless hands the mandolin fell to the ground. A rollicking laugh rang from Egeria's window. Dick seized his mandolin, raised it high above his head as though to dash it on the lawn, hesitated, strode up to the corner of the house, ripped out some of the most fiendish

oaths I have ever heard, and dashed his instrument against the siding. I believe the recording angel in heaven grinned and overlooked the sin. At any rate, I unloosed Bediah, who nabbed Dick by the ankle with a howl before he had gone three paces. I bolted unseen to my room. Bobby came 'round and pulled the dog off. "Oh," said Dick coldly, "it was you, was it?" and went inside with no more words.

In the morning I was sitting in library when Halstead, immaculate in white duck, entered. He had hardly greeted me when Egeria came tripping down the wide staircase in a charming morning gown. She came up to Dick with a frank countenance and outstretched hands. "Dick," she said, "thank you for the song. I enjoyed it. Let us be friends." "And I enjoyed your laugh," he retorted crudely, turning to the window with his hands obstinately in his pockets. Bobby put his head in the door at this interesting crisis. "I say, old man?" he began, "that was kind of a tough joke—" "Yes," answered Dick sternly, "it was tough. I am sorry that I have to annoy you by remaining through another meal. However, I will leave at once if Joe will take me." Fortunately the situation was saved by breakfast being announced. We sat down and began to chat, Bob and I did, about fishing. "Can't you stay, Joe," he asked, "and just try your luck once this forenoon? Don't you want to fish, Egeria?"



Dick was gazing steadily away into space when the question was asked. Somehow or other, Egeria caught his eye, the color mounted like a flash to her temples and she broke into a hysterical burst of laughter. Mrs. Bob laughed, I laughed, Bob roared, Dick hung fire a moment, then broke down. "Love laughs," I thought. Dick moved his chair away and stood up very straight. "Mr. Barrett," he said, standing there like a schoolboy. "I hope I've been foolish. I beg your pardon for my rudeness. I—I beg Egeria's pardon." "It's yours, Dick," she murmured gazing at her plate, very red in the face.

Bob and I fished that forenoon with success. We came back about two o'clock. I cleaned up and stole into the kitchen to find something cool and soothing to slake my thirst. The kitchen is a charming place at Barrett's. It is clean and roomy and there is a wide open stairway

that leads down into the light and airy cellar. I heard voices. I looked over the rail. It was Egeria and Dick. She had been playing dairy-maid, sleeves rolled up and was carrying a crock of milk across the cellar. She stopped before Dick who sat on the lower step. I turned away, reverently. Then I heard a crash. I looked again. The crock had fallen on the concrete floor, splashing milk promiscuously. Dick had risen and seized Egeria's slender wrists. Her eyes shone like stars, she was looking at him and saying, "Dick, I didn't care for the song. I thought it silly. But when—but when you—you swore, I knew you were man enough to have a real temper and I—I—" Dick's arm slipped around her waist, her freed hand dropped on his shoulder, he bent his head toward her upturned rosy face and—

Well, love laughs sometimes, they say.

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## THE OMAHA CONVENTION.

A. R. Moon, '09.

The Presbyterian Inter-Synodical Foreign Mission Convention for Men met in the Auditorium in the city of Omaha, Neb., Tuesday evening, Feb. 19th, 1907.

One thousand and eighty-one registered delegates were present, representing sixteen different states of the Union, besides representa-

tives from foreign fields.

The object of the convention was to consider the distinct missionary responsibility of the men of the Presbyterian Church.

A period has come of a great awakening and the imparting of new life and activity to thousands of church members whose attitude

toward world-wide evangelization has been more or less indifferent.

Foreign Missionary conventions are being called all over the world. The Omaha convention being only one of the many. At this "Congress of Missions," as it has well been termed, "the tongues of over a thousand men seemed to be aflame, and their faces aglow with the manifest power and presence of the Holy Spirit."

A surprise was sprung on the convention on Tuesday night by the appearance of Dr. J. E. Geil, an African explorer, who has been termed "the big white chief who has come in contact with more savage tribes than any other man." He gave a strong and inspiring address on "Cannibals Before and After." Dr. Geil showed a wonderful advancement made in the dark places of the globe. In the once cannibal Fiji Islands there are 1,200 native christian churches, and cannibal banquets have given place to the Lord's table.

The topic for Wednesday morning was "We are His witnesses of these things." P. V. Jenness spoke on "The Bible Basis of Foreign Missions." "The Bible" he said, "is a missionary book from beginning to end. Twenty-five psalms exhibit distinct missionary purposes. The book of Acts is a commentary upon the great commission." Dr. Corbett, who for forty-three years has been a missionary in China, spoke on "A Vision of China." He en-

forced the great need of evangelizing China, not alone for the natives sake, but showed how the safety of our own country depends upon the christianization of the people of China and Japan. The progress made there can best be shown by the statistics he gave. In 1840 there was but one professing christian in that empire of 400,000,000 people. In 1863 there were 1,000, and today the number exceeds 150,000. More than 50,000 having been converted since the Boxer uprising.

Dr. S. A. Moffett, for seventeen years a missionary in Korea, spoke on "A Vision of Korea." He compared Korea with Juda. Juda was small, humiliated, subjected and despised, yet it became a great power among nations; so with Korea, it is small, only about the size of the state of Kansas, and with only 12,000,000 people, but its power is to be felt among nations.

Dr. S. M. Jordan, of Teheran, Persia, spoke on "A Vision of Persia." He pleaded for the work in Persia. For there is the keystone of the arch of the Mohammedan world. The Mohammedans are sending out missionaries to India, China and Africa, and are gaining adherents as fast as the christians. Dr. Jordan said "We are responsible for 7,000,000 Persians and have only fifteen ministers there, while here in America we are responsible for 6,000,000 people and have 7,500 ministers.

Those who have heard Mr. Robt.



E. Speer know his power. None of it was lacking at Omaha. His address "The Distinct Foreign Mission Responsibility of the Presbyterian Church," was a strong appeal to the men. He showed how Christ with only his twelve close followers shook the whole world and then made every man in his presence think of what could be accomplished if only the power and might assembled in that auditorium was used, as was the power and might of those twelve men, 2000 years ago, in shaking and stirring up the world.

For the Presbyterian Church to handle its end of this great practical problem, it must hold itself responsible for 100,000,000 people for whom Christ died as he died for us. Each of the 1,000,000 church members is responsible then for 100 souls. To meet this need the Presbyterian Church must have at work plus those already there, two men and two women for every 100,000 heathen, which would make an army of 2,000 men and 2,000 women. It seems like a large army but it would mean only one person from each Presbyterian church. \$6,000,000 is needed annually, which is five times as much as is now being given. That would mean only about five dollars from each church member.

The topic for Wednesday afternoon was—Motive "For the Love of Christ constraineth us." Mr. Speer spoke on Christ's appeal to men for the world. He showed how

Christ is appealing to men for action, for intense and earnest service. "Christ is calling for sacrificial obedience, this more than anything else. He demands 100 per cent of our time, money and lives. If He can not be Lord of all He has no particular interest in being Lord at all. What answer will you make to Him as He stands in our midst and asks, 'Why call ye your Master and Lord and do not the things which I command you?' "

Dr. T. H. P. Sailer, spoke in the need of systematic education and the need of mission study. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon conferences were held at various churches.

Wednesday evening the topic was "Might—All Power is given unto me."

Dr. Jordan spoke on the "Might of Islam and the Power of the Gospel of Christ." It was a most instructive and interesting address on Mohammedanism. The Mohammedans, he said, consider themselves modern, up-to-date christians. Dr. Jordan on account of his work among these people is called a "manufacturer of men out of the raw material of boys."

J. Campbell White, another power in this enterprise, spoke on "What the Men of One Church Are Doing." Mr. White told why it is that America last year gave only \$9,000,000 to foreign missions while she gave \$250,000,000 to the work in the home land. This condition exists not because we are not interested in

foreign missions but because we are not reminded about the need in the foreign field as often as we are of that at home. He said "American Christians must evangelize 600,000,000 of people if they are to be evangelized at all. To do this will cost \$50,000,000 per year for the next twenty-five years."

Thursday morning the topic was Methods. "Give ye them to eat." "Make them sit down by fifties in companies."

Dr. Sailer and Prof. Hill spoke on Educational Methods, laying stress on the need of keeping informed as to what is going on across the waters.

Dr. Bradt spoke on "How to Finance the Field." He reminded the assembly that each church member would be held responsible for 100 souls, and urged that a new standard of giving be adopted.

Thursday evening, the closing night of the convention, the topic was—Emergency—"Go now ye that are men and serve the Lord."

Dr. F. Hoskins, of Syria, spoke on that country. "Mohammedanism which so predominates that country is the most dangerous of all enemies to the progress of christianity. In fifty years Mohammedanism has grown from 70,000,000 to

250,000,000." His words are worth quoting. "There is no sadder land in the world than parts of Mohammedan countries, where tens of thousands of christian churches have been destroyed, and other thousands converted into Mohammedan mosques. The waiting Savior will never 'see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied,' until we do ten times as much as we have done in the past to evangelize the Mohammedan world."

The most touching scene of the convention was the last, when old Dr. Corbett, who labored for over forty years in China, gave the farewell address, the last words that he will ever utter at an American convention, for, after the convention that night he started on his way back to China that he might spend the rest of his days with the people he so much loves. He said, "No joy in all the world compares with the joy of winning souls, especially in mission lands. I go back to China with a great joy." His last message to America was, in speaking of the heathen—"How shall they heed except they hear and how shall they hear except men be sent?"

The assembly stood with Dr. Corbett and sang in closing, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

## The Facts in the Case.

(There was more or less worry and excitement about the Campus concerning the disappearance of a certain three students from Thursday night before Arbor Day until the following Monday morning.



The Almanian offers the following expurgated explanation, clipped from the pages of a diary kept by one of the party.—Editor.)

Wednesday, May 1.—Met up in old "23" and completed plans for an expedition down the Pine. Mum is the word. Took all the stuff to the boat house after dark.

Thursday, May 2.—"Brite and fair." Got things picked up and plans completed, and at 6:15 the made-to-order canoe "LU DELL" leaves drydock, armed and manned for down stream. At 6:45 p. m., the Penobscot model canoe "SISTER" left the roundhouse, was carted over the dam bridge and launched again. 7:15 both sidepaddlers passed the Superior street bridge, striking about a six mile an hour gait. We followed the channel through the slums under the first ward suspension bridge, on for about three miles, then we struck anchor and made preparations for the night. After a rousing camp-fire had been kindled and a lunch consumed we registered as follows:—

Warhorse Dave, the camp chef, a quaint old Scotch humorist, and holder of firing papers.

Pum-inski Graves, the Charon-of-the-Pine, guide, pilot, and owner of the canoe "Lu Dell."

Indian Anderson, a mighty fine room-mate, a Mason of high standing, but a little sensitive to exposure.

Amos, the promising varsity material, pilot and owner of the canoe

"Sister".

In this same order we rolled up in the blankets under a temporary shelter made by stretching the canoe cover from a rail fence slanting-dicular like to the ground. Sentinel Graves paced his beat with his double-barreled Winchester until the second watch, when everybody went to sleep.

Indian Anderson keeps noticeably quiet, but when Pum complained of having the outside bunk, the former remarked that Pum could take his place tomorrow night. The rest of us took it as a jest and said no more.

Camp aroused again at 2:30 a. m. Warhorse Dave gave the fire alarm and when it was extinguished, we found the fire had burned a six-inch hole through all layers of covers and also the borrowed canvass. Bad mess. Sentinel rakes the fire back and crawls in again.

Friday, May 3.—Camp awakes at 6 a. m. Dave goes to Indian's suit case and found that he had very thoughtfully brought his whisk broom and a safety razor, and plenty of clean handkerchiefs. Indian gets up and says that he wants to go home. Would have given a farm for some good snap shots of us, especially one of Injun as he propped himself up against a tree, so meditatively. A sour,, tough looking old chief. He says, "I'm going back, rather go to classes than do this. Can't stand this, didn't sleep at all last night and I have got to have sleep." After doing our best to per-

suade him to stay, explaining that if he was an Indian, here was his chance to show it; we insisted that he go on to St. Louis with us and go home from there if he thought best. Then he said with a decided sincerity, "No", I'm going back before I change my mind;" which has since become proverbial.

Having thus proven himself unworthy of his name Indian, he was then and there duly dubbed and surnamed "Squaw", or "Chief Tender-Foot" by which he will hereafter be known.

Exit Squaw Anderson. Pum telephones for Pete but he couldn't come—had some boning to do. Now there were three of us, "here we go." Pulled stakes and loaded up, off for St. Louis.. In time we reached the dam, carried the "Lu Dell" over and launched her again just below the falls. Dave took the "Sister" over in Henry's boat-house and locked her up in cold storage while Pum does the shopping and I stayed by the "Lu Dell" and kept guard. A crowd of lolly gagging fishermen and jolly loafers had by this time gathered around and we had become the town talk. 11:15 we hauled in the gang plank and amid the cheers and farewells of the onlookers we glided out into the mad waters boiling and seething below the falls, eddying and racing in whirlpools for some two hundred yards down stream and then we found ourselves gliding along in clear water again; thanks to the skillful boatmanship

of our pilot from Detroit. With Mose, of "His Majesty's ship Sister, sitting in the state-room, Warhorse in the bow and the guide at the helm, we floated down stream through the thickly settled rural country with a five mile current, enjoying the air and our independence. Oh, I tell you, it was grand; the kind of trips you read about but seldom take. A '07 Model Packard could have afforded no greater pleasure. Just far enough away from home and school to forget all responsibilities, and in a passive mood we proved apt subjects to be fascinated by nature. Down we went, on and on, till we spied some chickens grazing in the woods opposite us. Shall we or shall we not? We decided we would "before we changed our minds." So Dave pulls out his "22" and burys a discharge in the head of a juicy old hen. Straightway and with more or less abruptness, I got out and hauled the carcass on board, and we started down at a lively pace until we rounded two bends and felt ourselves secure again. Then we rested our biceps, and resumed our leisurely postures in order to fully appreciate the motive power of nature. At three o'clock we struck anchor where the Pine divides and forms an island densely wooded and protected, an ideal spot for a camp. Accordingly we drew "Lu Dell" up on shore and after due rights and ceremonies proclaiming the island "OURN" in behalf of our Alma



Mater, we pitched our tent beside a roaring campfire in the heart of the primeval undergrowth. Dave the Chef got busy at once superadvising the preparation of the noonday meal. The fact that we all made a Poland China of ourselves at the expense of the grub box scored a homerun for Warhorse Inglis and added an important attribute to his lengthy list of capabilities. Pum, the guide, possessing such sensitive olfactory nerves and so accute cribiform plates that it is said he smells things four miles against the wind, detected the germ of an approaching storm, so the tent and bunks for the night were set up already for an emergency. We thought we had better do it "before we changed our minds." That done, we, Pumski, "able seaman of His Majesty's Ship," "Lu Dell", and this bit of varsity material, sat on a fallen homesteader and entertained the tillers of the soil across the channel with a series of two part duets, executing astonishingly mellow harmony but were interpreted by our rustic hearers as unbearable, headsplitting monotony, driving them to their work, polluting the air with venomous oaths in our behalf. This same Amos of the abandoned skiff, "Sister," then retired the camp studio and under the inspiration of the occasion mastered a declamation—some assigned society work—while the other comrades were wallowing in the swamp across the channel hunting down some

choice bits of frog beef.

Later we gathered and piled in front of camp a good supply of reasonable and unreasonable fire wood with which we prepared our "abendbrote" which set "sehr gut." After doing full justice to Dave's display of domestic science, we pulled back the stools and proceeded to give the toasts of the occasion while we drank to our health, in the best of spirits, the punch ala Rock and Rye. Then we retired to our respective bunks which were in decidedly close proximity to each other. Despite the snow fall and the piercing cold wind we slept like three logs. This averaged well with the dissipation of the night before and would have set our friend Chief Tenderfoot from Omena in good spirits had he displayed the characteristics of the aborigines, which we formerly gave him credit for, and stayed with us.

Saturday, May 4.— Warhorse Dave answered the cock crow the first thing in the morning and gave a fierce whoop of help and despair which brought Pum to his feet and by displaying perfect team work, they got a good roaring campfire going and prepared the "fruhstuck, gross und hiesz-woosh!!!!" and allowed me to finish my morning nap—very considerate indeed. Warhorse whooped the mess call and in a few minutes we were all broiling sirloin on the end of sapplings over a bed of coals, which went very well with the Saratoga chips, Gettysburg

rolls, Bull Run bacon and a full pot of Mocha and Java. It was here that I broke the feather weight record of human consumption having consumed four thirds my actual weight from the above menu.

Our guide from Detroit reported a long hard pull ahead, ere we reached the corporation line of St. Louis, against a five mile current and a twenty-five mile per hour Noreaster which was already blowing a chilly ozone through our uniforms and pestering the nerves of our anatomies. This state of affairs was an effective impetus for us to pack up and defy the elements and retrace our course homeward bound. Pum keeps his hand on the wheel while Dave and I alternated every hour at the forward twin screw and thus manned, the LuDell made headway up stream within sight of St. Louis by one o'clock p. m. Here we struch anchor and had a lunch which made a very perceptible hole in the grub box and after a "Rauch von Havanaberg hande machen," I hoofed it to St. Louis across country and did some shopping and visiting while the two six footers brought the faithful craft to the foot of the dam, again defying the mad sea; and through an entanglement of fish nets and the blinding mist of the falls she made the harbor but with no little difficulty. Here I met them, and we proceeded immediately to carry LuDell over the dam. She was launched and again we were given a grand send off by the crowd

of spectators on shore. After we passed under the Washington avenue bridge we were sheltered from the wind so our course on the home stretch was retarded only by the current. The question of night stop was now taken from the table and considered. Here I had a thought-throb. It was that we go up to a farm house and see what arrangements we can make for our comfort at their expense. So I went up and called on the lady of the nearest house and briefly told her our story in appealing utterance, dramatically leading up to the climax. At once her motherly instinct was aroused and she assured me that we were heartily welcome to what accommodations she had to offer us. Well !— !!—!. the air seemed to warm up, the sun shone all at once and it seemed that everybody in the whole world was happy,—things got so bright. Then I went back and reported to the other scouts whereupon each of us loaded with our cargo marched up to the house single file, and with majestic tread went right through and stored our stuff in the front hall. Then we introduced ourselves to the landlady who in turn introduced herself as Mrs. Lois Roe, formerly of three miles the other side of St. Louis. Pum said he read in a paper of a man that died in Philadelphia by the name of Roe but she said it was none of her folks. After showing our innocence and ignorance and exchanging greetings with the mem-



bers of the family—twelve in all—we were ushered into the parlor. The fatherly instinct of Warhorse Dave was at once aroused for he soon had the little girl of perhaps five summers on his knee, chattering and playing with the little one; the lines of age and hardship being temporarily erased—it had renewed his youth. It was evident he had gained the confidence of the child for she began to tell of all the love affairs of her brothers and despite the repeated reproofs from her mother, she insisted that we hear the whole story. She said, "Papa is a bad, bad man and when he comes home tonight he will be mad and swear." "Why! Tressa," interrupted the mother, "what makes you talk that way; what will papa be mad for?" "Well, he will be mad because Oscar didn't feed the cattle, or something, and he will swear too." Just then the clock struck nine and we started for the upper guest room with our roll of blankets and a hand lamp. After unrolling our camp bunk on the bare floor, and arranging the rest for the night we held a little conference in connection with our evening worship. The little girl's confession of her father rung in our ears—"he is a bad, bad man and when he comes home tonight he will be mad and swear!—!!—!" "What if he should come home boozed and come up here and kick us out?" "How far would it be to jump out of the window?" says Pum. "Couldn't the three of us lick him?"

says Dave. Shall we bolt the door? It being my turn to keep fire I was appointed sentinel for the night and that meant to sleep with one ear open. An hour or two later I heard a racket down stairs, doors slam, and pretty soon I saw a light through the crack of our door and heard the old man coming up stairs. Pum was awake too and we got up, ready for a fight—hearts thumping like to split a rib!!! But he went in the next room and in a few minutes went down stairs so we crawled back and slept like another three logs.

Sunday, May 5th.—Got up at six, had a little rough house in which Dave slung the "steamboats" and we all tore things up considerably. Then we picked up our belongings and filed down stairs. We all met Mr. Roe and gave him the right hand of fellowship and in our little farewell chat we assured them that when they came to Alma if they would look us up we would entertain them royally. This being sufficient compensation for our night's lodging we loaded up and were off. Cold and measly. All feeling first rate in general but decidedly bum in particular; however, after lowering the gauge on the Rock and Rye flask considerably, and making way with some fried red-hots, we all felt better in the spirit of the Sabbath. Pum goes scouting on ahead while Dave and I loaded up LuDell and took her up stream and struck anchor where our guide directed us.

It was an ideal spot; protected from the wind by a south slope. Here we built a big camp fire for the day, pitched our tent and all took advantage of the camp library, lounging in the reading room until 1.30 p. m. when we all felt a vacancy in the region of our solar plexus. Accordingly Dave made preparations for the grand finale, wind up Sunday dinner which was to finish the grub box and be the event of its kind on the trip, and in comparatively short time the following Menu was placed before us.

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SUNDAY DINNER MAY 5, '07  
CAMP-ON-THE-PINE

Swamp Water  
Red Points a la Yacob Strauss  
Greasy conglomeration von Spuds und  
Schliced Unions  
Broiled Red Horse Scaned Wheeze  
An Onion Putty Sauce  
Canned Beans a la Warmed Up  
Bacon Grease Bacon Crisp  
Zwiebach Kartoffel a la Hot Hard  
Wood Ashes  
More Spuds More Spuds  
WRIGHT HALL MACHINE MADE  
BREAD—DONATED  
Butter—also a Limited Supply  
Filberts, mit der schell darauf  
Filberts ohne der schell  
(Axe and stone handy.)  
Oranges—one apiece, no more  
Horehound Confectionery

Rock and Rye—also limited  
Seconds can be furnished to any of the  
above named courses.

The orchestra then played "Har-oo, Haroo, we'll bring the Jubilee" while the guests with bowed heads repeated in concert "Webster's reply

to Hayne." Soon we heard the bush cracking and saw some one making their way toward our tent. He introduced himself as the man who owned the land. We were especially courteous to him and kept him interested and on the opposite side of the tent from the fire lest he should spy the burnt fence rails. He was an old trapper and hunter and we had a hearty good chat. But as it was getting high time we were on our way, we excused ourselves, pulled stakes, "folded our tents like the Arabs and silently stole away." Dave footed it across country while Pum and I with LuDell met him at the first dam. With some little exertion we got around the two dams and up to the boat house, put Lu Dell in dry dock and filed up to our rooms. But first, we voted that the trip had been a howling success and the wild goose chase of the three that was game thus ended.

Monday, May 6th.—After 1.15 class Miss B. B. marked me down a zero right before my eyes in cold blood! Pum and Dave got a zero and a good "talking to" also. After society we had a little meeting and reckoned up expenses. It cost the three of us just seventy cents apiece after charging Squaw Anderson for one meal and night's lodging.



## Report of the Sunday School Work of the Y. M. C. A.

The Sunday School work of the Y. M. C. A. has been very successful this past year. More men were willing to give their time to this work with the result that a larger number of schools have been started. At present eight schools are running, three of which were organized for the first time this past year.

The average attendance per school has been about twenty persons present each Sunday. The largest attendance ever reached of all the schools was 212 people on May 5th.

During the past winter, an experiment, which proved a success, was tried. Prayer meetings were held either in some home or at the school house. At one school, evangelistic services were held for a week. More of this work will be done next year.

Most of the schools have held on an average of one social per month. The popularity of these socials was well shown by the large attendance. Many people were brought into the Sunday School by means of these socials.

Each Sunday morning during the year, a meeting of the Superintendents and teachers of all the schools has been held. Plans and new ideas for the work have been discussed. Several outside speakers gave talks at these meetings, among them being Rev. Funnell of the Presbyterian church, Prof. Clizbe, Dr. Notes-

tein and Rev. Williams of the Episcopal church. These talks were enjoyed very much.

Seventeen workers have been engaged in this work. They are as follows:

Pine River School:—

Supt.—Earl Times.

Assistant—Bert Henderson.

Eckart School:—

Supt.—Blake McDonald.

Assistant—Stanley Graves.

Ely School:—

Supt.—Wm. J. Sutherland.

Assistant—Francis Steele.

Organist—Percy Slayton.

Arcada School:—

Supt.—James Hogg.

Assistant—Allan McFadden.

—Frank Locker.

Grange School:—

Supt.—Frank Bartholomew.

Assistant—Cass Chase.

Brick School:—

Supt.—John D. Finlayson.

Assistant—George Middlemis.

Boyer School:—

Supt.—Oren Osborn.

Bailey School:—

Supt.—Norman H. Angell.

Assistant—Henry J. Lathers.

An effort is being made to keep the schools open in the summer, thus avoiding the difficulty usually experienced in the reopening in September.

NORMAN H. ANGEÏLL,  
Chairman S. S. Committee.

## ATHLETICS.

Coach Harper has instilled a spirit of wholesome enthusiasm into the College this year. Every department has indirectly felt the vigor of his personality; and the infectious optimism which he dispenses is invaluable to the institution. Under his direction the campus and Davis field have been alive with athletes and the good results are easily seen. The wonderful football team which he turned out last fall from our little squad of men brought Alma once more into intercollegiate prominence; and though we did not win the championship the quality of football played by the team convinces us that under his direction it should be ours next season.

The baseball men began their work early in January, practicing batting in the gymnasium, and as soon as warm weather permitted were out of doors hard at work. The games won this season and the excellent prospects of the team returning from Albion with the pennant show how well it paid. Baseball is Coach Harper's speciality and the winning of the U. of M. game, though not the hardest of the season, shows conspicuously how very able he is in that line.

The games have been well attended both by the students and the people of the city. The interest displayed by the business men of the city has been especially grateful to

the team. The line-up has been as follows:

Captain, Roy Cambell, who played like a veteran behind the bat, allowing few steals to second; Alex Duncanson, pitcher, a trifle better than the best; S. B. Hill, at first, making that sack perfectly fearless while he guarded it; John Cambell, playing perfect ball at second; Joe Magidsohn, third, playing that difficult position as it should be done; Harry Helmer, shortstop, 'nuff said; C. A. Dafoe, Dan Duncanson, and Duncan Dearing, cultivating the three gardens in faultless style. Monteith, who deserves credit for the zeal with which he has acted the part of utility man, played the last two innings of the Albion game, his two hits saving it for Alma. There are seven freshmen on the team, one sophomore, and a junior. The "kids" do not average as yet twenty-one years of age. We are proud of them, but can't find words for it. We fall back on the Coach's favorite expression, "It's simply great! That's all!"

The local track meet May 20 established two new College records, "Hannah" McCollum throwing the discus 109 ft. 6 in., and Frank McComb making the 220 in 23 seconds flat. The day was raw and chilly, preventing first class work. McCollum has been putting the discus as far as 124 feet in practice and seems to be sure as a winner at



Albion. F. McComb won the 100 yd. dash, D. Duncanson the  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile, Slayton the mile, and Henderson the two mile. F. McComb won the broad jump and Helmer the shot put. Great interest was shown by the students.

The football schedule for next fall is not yet completed but we give it in part below. Albion, Kalamazoo, and Mt. Pleasant are still to arrange for.

Hillsdale at Alma, Oct. 12.

Olivet at Olivet, Nov. 2.

Detroit College at Detroit, Nov. 9.

M. A. C. at Alma, Nov. 23.

#### BASEBALL SUMMARY.

April 20. Alma met the mixed team of the Mt. Pleasant Indian and Normal Schools on Davis field, winning 8-4. Helmer started the season well by making a homer the first time up to bat. The "Redskins" were dangerous at no stage of the game. "Sandy" held them to five hits, while Alma clouted Balmer for nine.

April 27. The team sprung a surprise on the home fans by dropping a return game to the "Redskins" at Mt. Pleasant. Score 8-3. A slippery infield and many errors explain the result. Mt. Pleasant landed on S. Duncanson for five hits, Alma gathering seven off Balmer. Sensational hitting by Capt. Campbell, including a four-bagger, made the game interesting.

May 4. Intercollegiate season opened for Alma with a seven in-

ning batfest at Olivet when the "Freshies" slugged three of Olivet's pitcher's for twenty-three bingles. Score 20-0 in our favor. While the game was an easy one it brought joy to Alma, since Olivet has been persistently defeating us for the last four years. It seemed good to "get back" for once.

May 8. Alma again met the Normalites and Indians on Davis Field, winning this time 8-2. "Sandy" was there with the goods, and was excellently supported. The stick work of the team was fine, Helmer gathering in a three bagger. The visitors pilfered no sacks, while Alma's robberies defied detection.

May 10. "Coach Harper with a bunch of ball players." Yes, they were ball players, don't you know. It was at Hillsdale in a snow storm. The Baptists used two pitchers, putting in Walrath in the seventh. Dan Duncanson did the heaving for Alma while his brother rested for the M. A. C. game. Score:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Hillsd'le	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	3	6	11
Alma	0	0	0	1	2	1	4	2	5	15	13	5

Struck out—By Stewart, 4; Walrath 2, Duncanson 8. Bases on balls—Off Stewart 6, off Walrath 2. Umpire—Sampson.

May 11. In an intensely interesting game Harper's Freshmen defeated M. A. C. at Lansing by a score of 3-2. "Sandy" pitched his best, having fine control and holding the Aggies to three hits. Against Akers, the swift farmer, Alma's

strong stickers could make no better showing. R. Campbell, Helmer and S. Duncanson carried in the necessary talies. Both teams were well supported. Score:

Innings—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
M. A. C...	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	3
Alma....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	3	3	3

Struck out—Akers 9, Duncanson 8. Bases on balls—Akers 2, Duncanson 2. Stolen bases—M. A. C. 2, Alma 1 Umpire—Dinsmore, Detroit. Time—1.35.

May 18. U. of M. stopped over for a game while on their way to Chicago. The "kids" had University scare during the first inning and errors by A. Duncanson allowed the Varsity a run. After that every "kid" settled down, ceased to smile and began to slaughter Whipple, Michigan's best. A bunch of hits in the second, aided by Michigan's errors, enabled three men to cross the plate. In the third "Hal" leaned against the ball for a long drive into the cinders. No one being on bases he brought in the score himself, without stopping on the way. After that Whipple was seen to expectorate on the spheroid and it was impossible to bunch the hits. However, Alma gathered in seven safe ones. "Hoot, mon, but our boys be a' fine stickers." The score:

Innings—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
U. of M...	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	2
Alma....	0	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	7	4

Struck out—Duncanson 7, Whipple 6. Bases on balls—Whipple 4, Duncanson 2. Home run—Helmer.

Three base hit—R. Campbell. Umpire—Ellsworth. Time 1.35. Attendance—600.

May 23. "Indian" Schulte's braves came down from Ypsi and unfolded the inner mysteries of baseball to Harper's Freshmen. The day was very disagreeable but the crowd was a record-breaker, all business places closing to witness the game. The Athletic Association netted \$85.00. The locals, besides being outclassed, had an off-day and were unable to do any thing with Steimle's delivery, which contained everything from damp slings to swift straight ones. The Normals camp up with Duncanson for ten safe hits. The score, Ypsi 11, Alma 0.

May 23. Kalamazoo forfeited to Alma, this making four cup games to our credit.

June 1. Alma made good her place in the intercollegiate finals by winning every cup game, the one with Albion being the last. The contest was thrilling, Alma baserunners seeing third during each of the first three innings but failing to score. In the sixth Albion garnered a run, casting the fans into despair as it looked like an impossibility for the "Freshmen" to find Latham. In the seventh however, the bases being full, Latham hit Dafoe and forced in a run. In the eighth the big sticks rattled merrily and brought in four runs winning the game. The score. Alma 5, Albion 4. Batteries—Albion, Latham, McKale; Alma, A. Duncanson, R. Campbell. Time: 2:00. Umpire, Ellsworth.





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**TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.**

The Almanian staff takes this op-  
portunity of thanking you for in-

trusting it with the interests of the  
Almanian during the past year. It  
would seem as though circum-  
stances had doomed the Almanian  
to partial failure in 1906-07. Your  
patience over delays and non-issues  
has been admirable. To whoever  
you entrust the destinies of the pub-  
lication during 1907-08 we recom-  
mend a systematic organization and  
hard work. Nothing else will bring  
the Almanian safely past the con-  
valescent stage.

**OUR ADVERTISERS.**

It is to their kindness the Alman-  
ian owes its being. While it is not  
a powerful advertising medium, we  
aim that our advertisers should get  
all possible results from their ad-  
vertisements. Patronize them, and  
help to boost the Almanian. They  
have been courteous to us and we  
believe in reciprocity.

“Boost” the Almanian for next  
year by getting a subscriber for it.  
If you can't boost, don't knock.

The Junior Number of the Hills-  
dale Collegian is fine. It deserves  
special mention.

Next year do something for the  
Almanian. Write a story, poem,  
joke, or essay. It will be apprec-  
iated. Begin to think now.

## ALUMNI.

With this issue of the Almanian the first two decades of college life at Alma will be reaching their end. It is hoped that the largest number of Alumni and former students that has ever gathered for common cement will be present for the celebration of this occasion. As in former years the Editor bespeaks the hope that you will not forget his address during the coming summer; items of news concerning vacation have heretofore formed an interesting part of the opening numbers of the Almanian for the fall season.

M. J. Stormzand, '04 and Princeton '07, has been honored with a "Fellowship" from Princeton Seminary which will enable him to spend one year of study abroad. In addition to this honor which has once before been shared by an Alma man—Rev. C. E. Scott "98"—Mr. Stormzan received a \$150 Hebrew Prize for Exegesis work. Such events as these signify the union that is strengthening between Alma and Princeton.

Prof. E. E. Fell, '02, Superintendent of Caro Schools, will next year be Principal of the Tuscola County Normal Training class in addition to his duties as Superintendent.

H. G. Gaunt, "05," who filled the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church at Martin, Mich., last summer will again take up the same work for that Church during the present summer.

H. A. Potter, "06," Superintendent of East Tawas schools, has the pleasure of graduating a class of 10 this year.

Clifford Olmstead, in Alma "97," is a member of the firm of Olmstead & Sommerville, Groceries, Midland, Mich.

Mr. Ray Ball, in Alma "97," is employed in the hardware business at Midland.

Mr. Culver of Midland, whom many of the old students will remember, has the position of Assistant Chemist with the Midland Chemical Co.

George Anderson, Commercial "06" has a position with a Traverse City Lumber Company as scaler

Miss Kate Hall, Commercial "07," has a position with the Central Michigan Produce Company.

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 EDITORIALS.

## THE YEAR HAS BROUGHT US

Renewed spiritual growth and activity; a clean and sturdy college spirit; a heightened standard of scholarship; excellence in musical lines; victory in debate; increased endowment; unequalled vigor and enthusiasm in athletics; and very little to regret or be sorry for.

It is singularly fitting that this year so unusually full of the spirit of success and optimism should be our 20th anniversary. The Alumni who are with us at this commencement will be impressed by the Alma



spirit. Much good must result to the College from it. The Almanian begs their attention to the cause of Oratory in Alma. We plead for pre-eminence along forensic lines equal to that which we will undoubtedly gain in athletics next year.

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## AROUND THE CAMPUS.

### A LIFE THAT HELPED.

Joseph Ernest Ewing was born March 8, 1885, at Petoskey; passed from this life May 12, 1907, at his home in Alma. He was the eldest son of Prof. and Mrs. J. T. Ewing, a Sophomore in College, an active worker in the Presbyterian church, and a valued member of the Zeta Sigma Literary Society. The students who had known him before his illness learned of his death with sincere grief, yet it is not possible that they should express it by formal means. Our sense of loss is tempered somewhat by the brave spirit he evinced as he entered into that higher world to which the Master called him. We shall miss him on the campus and in the class-room; we shall miss the hand-clasp, the smile, and the cheerful word; for his was a life that meant much to others. It helped through its purity, cleansing others by its cleanness. Ernest Ewing was one of those rare spirits of whom it may be said, the world was better because he lived therein. His name with those of McKee and Rholf shall be sacred to Alma students. We do not know what high duties Our Lord has en-

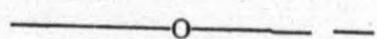
trusted to them; we do know that they were worthy.

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### THE MT. PLEASANT DEBATE.

Owing to postponements the debate with Mt. Pleasant on the question, "Resolved, that national boards of arbitration, with compulsory powers, should be established to settle disagreements between employers and employees, constitutionality conceded," took place May 10 instead of earlier. We are thus enabled to report it here. The debate was held in the Chapel at the Normal school before a rather small audience. M. LeRoy Billings, E. J. Gleason and M. W. Fox upheld the affirmative side of the argument for the Pedagogues while Alma's team consisted of J. H. Marchmont, W. T. Pollard and H. N. Morse. It being Mt. Pleasant's first attempt at debating the contest was a walk-away for Alma. Prof. Hedrick of M. A. C., Judge Searle of Ithaca, and Mr. Lacy of Clare, the judges, rendered a unanimous decision for the negative. Alma's team work was superb and their argument flawless. It will be possible for Alma to take a high rank next year in debating.

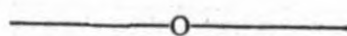
Our teams should fear no College in the state as contestants. Next year a system will be inaugurated whereby a representative College, rather than Society, team will be worked out. Everybody may try-out in the preliminaries. It is up to every College man or woman who yearns for debating laurels to endeavor to make the team next year.



#### ARBOR DAY.

No class rush, no tree planting, very little class skipping, and still the day was not a failure. Out of door spreads began early in the morning and continued at intervals till late in the afternoon. An old custom dies hard, and Alma students refuse to kill Arbor Day. Why should we? Not that we would be insurgent as regards this matter, but why not, without interfering with our work, keep this yearly anniversary as a day when there shall

be "something doing?" Picturesque traditions and customs make up half the charm of College life. Next year let each class think up some novel "stunt" and carry it through without neglecting their work. It would be worth while.



#### ZETA SIGMA RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, It has pleased our God and Father to call to his heavenly reward our beloved fellow member, J. Ernest Ewing, be it hereby resolved, that we, the members of Zeta Sigma society, extend to the bereaved family our sincere sympathy.

Be it further Resolved, That these resolutions appear in the columns of the Almanian and in the records of the society.

M. COOK, Chairman.  
J. MAGIDSOHN,  
P. RHONES.

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### CLASS AND SOCIETY.

#### PHI PHI ALPHA.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone." The Phi Phi Alpha rejoice most heartily with the rest of the "World of Alma" over the signal victories that have come to Alma College during the past few weeks. Though while on Davis Field and while thinking of our baseball team we rejoice most over the athletic victories, yet as a literary society,

the Alma-Mt. Pleasant debate holds first place. The men worked diligently and to the end, and through this means have been enabled to assign to the Pedagogues a back seat. But though we have been glad to see the men at their work, nevertheless we rejoice that it is finished and that they are now once more ready to swing into pace with the Phi efficiency.



**ALPHA TAU ALPHA.**

Tuesday evening, the 7th of May, the society elected the following officers for the remainder of this year and till November of next:

President—Lester Von Thurn,  
Vice-President—Foster Fraker,  
Secretary—Bert Henderson,  
Treasurer—Floyd Rix,  
Sergaent-at-Arms—Robt. Cook.

Almanian Reporter—Will Ewing.

Following the election the members adjourned to Stevie's where they enjoyed the hospitality of the new officers. Cook generously furnished the peanuts.

The society regrets very much the loss of Hill, the retiring president, who is now registered as a Freshman and so is ineligible.

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**THE FATE OF THE SENIORS.**

Olive Smith, our chuckling sneezing president, has signed up with the teachers' team at Stanton for High School duty. In spite of Prexy's warnings she is already lining up her work and planning her opening speech. It is in easy reach of Alma, enabling her to return home over Sunday to get her Sunday School lesson.

Gretta Bagley, dear daughter of the doctor, has condescended to occupy the position of assistant in the high school at Manistique. The position is an honored one however, and we are inclined to envy her just a little. Out of Alma at last!

Mayme Hayes has already been serving time in her future position

at Howell. It seems to agree exactly with her ideals and disposition—lots of young men, easy work. Any job or jobber would be easy for her. She has just returned to superintend Class Day doings and graduate.

Susie Hawes, the dreamy little artist, has been such in demand that she cannot decide which to refuse. Sensitive herself, she always did hate to offend anyone. Does it pay to be so popular?

Minnie Kinnaird, the pale-faced "funny-man" Senior-eata, is paddling in the same canoe with Susie, undecided yet where to land.

Paul Allured, the only girl in the class that's a boy, is after the Boy's Secretaryship of the City Y. M. C. A. at Ann Arbor. He is always after something big.

**JUNIOR NOTES.**

"Sumpin duin" for Juniors last Arbor Day. The boys piled out of their bed at 4:30 and hung around Wright Hall until 5:20 for the girls, then dusted for the jungle. Cobb came poking along about six still rubbing the sand out of his eyes. Morse wanted to show his nerve, so he swiped an axe.

First thing on the program was to make the coffee. Miss Grace wanted to make it the way she read in a book. but Alice said that wasn't right because her ma made it different. Well anyway, after mixing a pound of coffee with two eggs, seasoning with a little salt, and then adding about two quarts of water,

we had a drinking fluid. The butter wouldn't spread very good so Ruth beat it with a spoon.

Sutton got his peepers onto a crow's nest and shinned up the tree. He held one of the eggs in his hand and said that it was blue, but Helmer said that he could see it from the ground and that it was white and had brown specks on it. Looked bad for Helmer, but how were we to know that he was out until 12 the night before.

We intend to skip again next Arbor Day.

Alice C. was appointed keeper of the class pail with instructions to keep it well scoured.

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#### FRESHMAN NOTES.

Ex-editor-in-chief Casterlin, said, after the class scrap last October that the class of '10 could say Veni, Vidi, Vinci. We as a class now feel that so far as spring athletics is concerned we have conquered more for Alma than many class scraps amount to.

Whatever '10 lacks in quantity

they make up in the quality of their girls.

They are nearly all active in a game of tennis and we have reasons to think that more than one of them will be chosen to represent Alma if we are represented by a ladies' team in the M. I. A. A.

McCollum has thrown the discuss further than other man in Alma and promises much at Albion in June.

John Marchmont not only succeeded in winning for himself a place on the College Debating team but also held a very honorable place there with the upper class men.

Coach Harper's freshman baseball team has certainly won not only college but university laurels.

While Alma feels very grateful to Helmer for his great slugging, no one would withdraw the first honors of our team to "Sandy" the star pitcher from the thumb. His work is such that we feel a national reputation awaits him in the game. If so, the best wishes of '10 and our Riger-Giger goes with him.

---

## Just a Few Good Things.

May 1 the fellows lost the post office as a hang-out. City mail delivery began then. Call at Forquer's and hear the phonographs.

The Seniors appeared in chapel gowned for the first time this year, Friday, May 3.

On the same day Slayton and "Sandy," the star pitcher, got their heads together chasing a foul ball. Both recovered inside of a week. Percy looked the worst, being corpulent, but "Sandy" was laid up.

It was a really eventful day. The



Ladies' Indian Clubs were suspended from the wires in front of Wright Hall that morning. The fellows going to breakfast appreciated the accompanying bulletin.

In the evening Miss Mullenbach gave a party to the Bible classes, which was much enjoyed.

May 4, Alma toyed with Olivet's baseball team at Olivet.

May 4, the Phi's sprung a new "stunt" in the line of private stationery embossed with the society pin.

"Doc." Kennedy, Com. '06, visited college over Sunday, May 6. He is at Tawas City at present.

Blake McDonald, '09' preached in Diamondale, near Lansing, May 5.

Misses Whitney, Reader, and Johnston and George Sutton attended the May Festival at Saginaw.

Another scholarship from Detroit has been given the College. It will be known as the M. S. Smith scholarship.

Miss Bowman delivered a lecture before the newspaper correspondents the first of the month.

Earl Tomes, of Detroit, was called home May 7, by the illness of his mother and father. We expect him back next September.

Miss Mayme Hayes, '07, began her work of teaching at Lowell, May 7.

Fred Welch of Reed City, a former intercollegiate champion in the wrestles, visited college friends May 8, 9.

Neuman Cobb, '10, has secured a

position and begun work as a chemist at Hibbing, Minn.

Ralph McNitt visited at home May 9.

Miss Hebner's mother has been making a visit at the College.

Misses Eddy, Alexander and Hebner attended the May Festival at Ann Arbor.

On the morning of May 10 the "College Skeleton" was discovered hanging by its neck from the telephone wires in front of Wright Hall. Despondency, owing to neglect on the part of the ladies' training table, is said to have prompted the suicide.

Saturday morning, May 11, the waiters breakfasted up the Pine. Yes, McComb went.

Saturday evening of the same day the students went wild after hearing the score of the M. A. C. game. Our winning team was met at the train and drawn to the campus, with redfire illuminations by the way, where a bonfire was in full blaze. Speeches by all. Someone saw the coach smile. Even Prexy was happy.

Herman Morse, '08, preached in Milan May 12.

Ralph McNitt enjoyed a visit from his sister in the middle of May.

Bastone says in English class, "There are Tybalt, Benvolio, and Mercutio. The greatest of these is Mercutio." No question that Bible study is good for a college man.

Misses Helen Strange and Grace Brown visited in Grand Ledge Sunday, May 19.

Chas. McComb owned up in

Freshman English that he read "Confessions of a Wife" last summer.

The U. of M. game brought many old students back to Alma. Among those who saw the game were M. J. Stormzand, Earl Stannard, William Humphrey, and Miss Caro Whitney.

Paul Allured, '07, was in Ann Arbor, May 18, endeavoring to land a position as Y. M. C. A. secretary.

Mr. Rogers, the State Student Secretary Y. M. C. A., addressed the local Association Sunday afternoon, May 19. The fellows are always glad to greet Mr. Rogers and get much benefit from his presence.

"Old grads" recently on the campus were F. J. Soule, '07, Harold Gaunt, '07, and Martin J. Stormzand, '04. "Gant's" chapel talk was much enjoyed by the students, even though he was slightly "fussed." He is remembered by the old students as the famous captain of the scrub football eleven, holding that position and giving the 'varsity stiff practice for four years.

The Phi Phi Alpha "Public" held in the Chapel May 20, was full of humor and was enjoyed by all present. It consisted of a mock trial, every member of the Society participated. The "strange" actions of a prominent Senior were the grounds for action.

Roy Robertson has finished his work in the Commercial Dept. and returned home. His address is Fostoria, Mich.

Waldo E. Royce has finished the Commercial course and is located in Owosso.

---

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- A little knowledge—Freshmen.
- Less feet—Rhones.
- A girl—Poo-Poo McComb.
- A book on table manners—Dear-  
ing.
- A new story—Pollard.
- A cure for that tired feeling—  
Montieth.
- An inspiration—F. Cobb.
- More to eat—Tomes.
- A few industrious students—Pink.
- A new gait—R. Craig.
- A Rhodes Scholarship—Morse.
- A hair cut—McCollum.
- A clean collar—Hull.
- Diplomas—Seniors.
- Ponies—Latin classes.
- A few added inches—Steele.

---

### LITTLE WILLIE.

Little Willie, demon child, son of the Cornell Widow, aged six, is the hero of many bloody exploits which have been extolled in verse of a doubtful quality. We reprint some of the worst verses and append some of our own which are neither good or bad.

Willie to the circus went,  
He thought it was immense;  
His little heart went pitter-pat,  
For the excitement was in tents.

—Harvard Lampoon.

Loud the baby screamed, and louder  
Willie fed her insect powder:  
Scolded, answered with a shrug,  
"Little sister acted bug."

—Anon.



Willie saw some dynamite;  
 Didn't understand it quite;  
 Picked it with his little stick,  
 Rained little Willie for a week.

—Anon.

Willie ate a tablet  
 The family doctor gave;  
 Now he's got a big one  
 On his little grave.

—Anon.

Through a high north story window  
 Willie pushed his brother;  
 And his mama sternly said: "You  
 Young villain, that's another."  
 Paris Green did Willie place  
 In the apple pie;  
 Fed it all to sister Grace,  
 "Thought she'd like the dye."  
 At a sleeping soldier's eye  
 Willie aimed his gun.  
 Then he let the trigger fly.  
 Strange the soldier didn't run.  
 Willie coaxed his little doggie  
 Into a butcher shop.  
 Then he cut its tail and ears off  
 E'er the butcher could cry: "Stop!"

IT WAS

Kate had a bad complexion  
 And used all sorts of dope.  
 Kate couldn't reach perfection  
 And lost all hope.  
 At last from a big collection  
 Which covered quite a scope  
 She made a last selection  
 And—'twas Lennox's Soap.

—Exchange.

---

"IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?"

Is it nothing to you, all ye christians,  
 That millions of beings today  
 In the heathen darkness of China  
 Are rapidly passing away?  
 They have never heard the story  
 Of the loving Lord who saves,  
 And fourteen hundred every hour

Sink into Christless graves.  
 Is it nothing to you, O, ye christians?  
 Will you say you have naught to do?  
 Millions in China are dying unsaved,  
 And is it nothing to you.  
 Is it nothing to you, O, ye Christians,  
 That in India's far away land  
 There are thousands of people pleading  
 For the touch of a Savior's hand?  
 They are grouping and trying to find  
 him  
 And although he is ready to save,  
 Eight hundred precious souls each hour  
 Sink into Christless graves!  
 Is it nothing to you, O, ye Christians  
 Can you say you have naught to do?  
 Millions in India dying unsaved  
 And is it nothing to you.  
 Is it nothing to you, O, ye Christians  
 That Africa walks in night?  
 That Christians at home deny them  
 The blessed Gospel light?  
 The cry goes up this morning  
 From a heartbroken race of slaves,  
 And seven hundred every hour  
 Sink into Christless graves!  
 Is it nothing to you, O, ye Christians?  
 Will you say you have naught to do?  
 Millions in Africa dying unsaved,  
 And is it nothing to you?  
 Is it nothing to you, O, ye Christians?  
 O answer me this today;  
 The heathen are looking to you.  
 You can give, or go, or pray.  
 You can save your souls from blood-  
 guiltiness,  
 For in lands you never trod,  
 The heathen are dying every day,  
 And dying without God.  
 Is it nothing to you, O, ye Christians?  
 Dare you say you have naught to do?  
 All over the earth they wait for the light,  
 And is it nothing to you?  
 GRACE P. TURNBULL.





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